



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# THE CRAYON.

VOL. II. NO. XXII.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. XLVIII.]

## THE REVELATION OF ART.

At the risk of being considered pertinaacious and even wearisome, we shall venture to develop further the idea which we have already advanced of the sisterhood of Art and Religion. It is indeed hopeless to foster Art on any other basis than this. Divested of the central and vivifying element of Reverence, it becomes *merely* æsthetic, and to be placed on a level with all pleasures of sense—a means to relieve the tedium of idleness, or the minister to human pride—something which shall crowd out from the soul the consideration of unpleasantly weighty matters. If it were no more than this, it were unworthy the devotion of a mind full of the recognition of its own immortality and necessity to progress towards perfection; for no earnest, truly-laboring soul could ever consent to give its time and its energies to objects which must perish with their attainment, or which should only snare its feet in the path already too narrow and too difficult to be travelled without giving the fullest heed to our footsteps. If it were no more than this, it were well that it should be bought and sold, and that the Artists should cater to the whims and fancies of idle men, and do their work as their cooks do—and as they are, to be rewarded. This is the inevitable result of depriving Art of its position of Teacher, of its immortal use and power—a result evidenced in the degradation and fall of every refined nation of past times.

But that this is not the true position of Art, is shown by the claim which artists make to a higher dignity, and the recognition of that claim by mankind, even in its most imperfect and sensual conditions. The intuitions of men proportion the dignities conferred to the *nobility of the uses* performed by the person upon whom they are bestowed, and the Artist by this law takes his place near the Priest and the Poet—among the Seers. We do not say that he holds that place now, or that he now deserves it, but that the instinctive judgment of mankind awards it to him wherever its better instincts have governed its decisions, thereby recognizing the great truth that his function was with its immortal interests. No truth in the whole range of our study stands clearer than this.

If, then, Art has something to teach of Immortality, or of immortal things, it is a Revelator, and if a Revelator, what is its Revelation? This is the problem, in

answering which we shall at once determine how far it is entitled to our attention, and worthy of the sacrifice of merely material things. It is not, as we have before said, an adjunct to Religion, for that is perfect and complete in itself, and, being so, neither asks nor permits assistance. To paint Madonnas, or holy things or events, is not to assist Religion, for those are only forms and appearances, while that consists of ideas and principles in no way to be reduced to, or embodied in, external semblances by the operations of Art. To worship forms is to forget principles, and the painted or the sculptured work may occupy the mind or interest the heart, but if so, it is only with the ultimate effect of diverting them from the essential truths, to reveal and illuminate which is the office of the Priesthood.

Nor is the use of Art to wait on and elucidate History, which is itself but a monitor for the assistance of the Politician, and the demands of which are better supplied by the chronicle than by painting. It may be a desirable function of the painter or sculptor to preserve the likenesses of honored men; but this is, after all, an object of minor value, since the *external* of the man concerns us only as matter of curiosity, and *thus* only in the first stage of existence, where death divides and makes us to forget. The words of the wise, and the results of the past, are all we need to retain; and to record the past, to recall the forgotten, is for the pen, not for the pencil. The revelations of the Politician are the lessons of the Past—those of the Priest the destinies of the Future; and of the Artist, what?—the perfection of the Present, of that which we see and are, of Mankind physical and spiritual, and of all those things which Deity has placed around us to look upon—in brief, the Ideal. The precept of the great Teacher, “Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect,” has no partial meaning. It is the command to labor for the perfection of all that we may do. That state which the political theorist looks forward to as the ultimate result of his study, is but the perfect expression of the Divine order—that which the Christian labors for is but the full development to human intellect of the Divine Wisdom and Love, and that which the artist should aim at is the perfect perception of the Divine Beauty, the witness and seal of the hand of God in all his works.

This is the revelation of Art, and though it may have many minor objects taking

their necessities from the temporary contingencies of life, this alone is its immortal use and function. From the imperfect to produce the perfect, to find amid the marks of degradation, of sin and spiritual death, the lines which record the birth-right of the deathless child of God, and to redeem even the inanimate world from the curse set on it for man's sake; to root out its thorns and thistles, and replace them with fair flowers; to make the desert blossom as the rose; to recreate the Eden which innocence knew; to place us in spirit in a world of beauty and glory—is not this an office worthy the care of immortality? Is it not a God-like calling? But who understands this, or who will accept it when told to them? Still, as of old, when the Revealer comes, though having eyes, they see not, and having ears they hear not, the things which pertain to their higher interests. The most hopeless symptom of the world's blindness in these matters is that even the artists to whom it looks as the interpreters of truth, do not recognize their own office, and if perchance they are earnest, it is only with a worldly earnestness, devoid of the conscience toward their Art which they should have; and if they see, it is no further than the surfaces of things. Yet we wonder why it is that we produce no great schools of Art like those which grew up under the care of the saintly artists of the middle ages—men so filled with the worship of God, that they looked on nothing which did not seem to them holy, and to be revered as the work of their Master.

There are but two possible positions in this matter, with the world or against it—to each one it is given to choose, whether in his following or his regarding of Art, he will accept it as his adulator or his instructor, whether it shall awaken his soul to the perception of Deity, or lull it into quiet and blindness. It is dull and wearisome, perhaps, this which we say, but it is nevertheless true, nor can it be lightly considered by any one without loss. Life itself is so grave a thing, that no man can regard it in its verity without sadness and tears, and if Art also forces its consideration on us as a weighty thing, it is that we may not blow it away with the foam bubbles that lie at the top of the draught which we drink. It remains with us for good or ill, as used or misused.

“Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,  
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust  
against our land?”

Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone  
is strong,  
And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her  
through the  
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all  
wrong."

# EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ARTIST.

BY JACK TUPPER.

NO. IV.

(Reminiscences Continued.)

It is not a little singular that while constantly rejecting the advice of my father, to keep a diary, and to write down the actualities of life, I had an irrepressible tendency to do that for dreams which I refused to do for facts, and sometimes even went so far as to render some of these inanities permanent upon paper. Are they inanities? As revelations, predications, and warnings, I have ever found them such. I always regarded them as wanderings of the brain; and never dreamed of acting upon any dream. But whilst eager to explain, by natural causes, that marvellous significance which many friends (and some of my family) attached to them, I viewed dreams, notwithstanding, with interest. They were not the results of chance. They had rational sequences. If I dreamed of a mad bull, I dreamed also that I tried to escape from it. Neither were they wholly unconnected; for one dream was sometimes the continuation of a former one. And when I come to recall (which I can vividly) those impressions that affected me in the delirium of fever, I cannot help thinking that they were in all respects the same as what I had experienced in dreams. And if any one, lighting upon these papers, should doubt of my recovery, and fancy I am "a little touched" now, he will not be more in error than those bedside attendants were, who saw nothing but rambling incoherence in my remarks then. I have heard them cite many of these delirious ravings as the mere utterance of words at random, whilst I remember them perfectly well, and, likewise, their rational significance.

Certainly, if delirium is akin to madness, and dreams are akin to delirium (as I believe from a vivid remembrance of both), it follows that a careful registration of dream-phenomena and logical investigation thereof would throw some light on the nature of madness, and possibly point to a remedy, where the mind and not the brain is diseased. The mind? Yes—if that disposition of the ideas, which enables me to reason and meditate, is the mind, then certainly the mind may be diseased, though the soul, or conscious principle, which tells me "I am I," can no more be diseased than it can perish.

Now if ever these papers should get raked up and read, one thing at least I am sure of; this part of my memoranda will scarce meet the eye of the curious, or one glance at least will suffice: if I thought otherwise, perhaps I should not go on, or write down what I remember of those strange days and nights of delirium.

No pain, but a sense sometimes of difficulty—a puzzling as of solving a problem—a difficulty in communicating ideas to others, not in conceiving or retaining the ideas themselves, but in finding fit symbols to

express them. No doubt or uncertainty as to the words used, but a misgiving as to the objects referred to, desired, or employed, by way of explanation. Thus the weight of the bed-clothes communicating a sense of oppression, resulted in an abstract idea: it was simply one of confinement. "Take up the paper-weight," I said, and finding I was not understood, "You must know what a paper-weight is; surely you know it confines things—remove it—it fastens this down." Propped up, wearily waiting the application of leeches, I was aware that they were applied one by one. I longed to have it finished—the idea swam up that, in printing, the types are applied to the paper all at once. "Why not," I said, "put them on as they print books, and have done with it?" This is rational, though erratic as to particulars. The Psychologist would understand it; but not understood, the patient is (if apprehensive) terrified that he is the subject of a willful persecution. He is apparently disregarded by all; he is irritated, and his fever increased; or else, growing melancholy, takes up with a fixed idea that communication with the world is cut off.

How well I can remember a case in point, which happened only last year to a friend of mine. The physician was leaving the house when I arrived. "He is doing well, sir," said he, his great seals flying off on his watch chain (as he launched himself into his carriage) like the knot at the end of a morning-star. He had scarce gone, however, when the patient became so violent, that his wife begged of me to see him, if only as a protection to the nurse. He was sitting up in bed, with clenched fists, vehemently demanding "what the Master of the Mint thought of the flawed sovereign?" "I came to tell you," I said (pausing, for I knew not how to go on). "Stop! stop! I must give you his own words, if I can recollect them;" and by this time, having tried to identify myself, as it were, in character and circumstances with the man in bed, an irascible business person, it suggested itself that the monied aspect of the doctor, with his great chain and seals, had raised up this "Master of the Mint;" the "flawed sovereign," of course, was the patient. I went on. "He says he has turned it over, and examined it attentively; it is not flawed, but shaken, and a very little doctoring will make it sound." The strong man smiled childishly, gratitude loosening his eye-lids. "I shall not leave the country this week, then?" he said. "No; nor next week, nor yet the week after." I answered—"your 'House' is too well established." Dying was only parting with his family. He lay down and slept in my presence. I am not a business man, Whiteside, but I felt with you immensely then. Your recovery was rapid; yet if a man of your temper and habits, with your strong family affections, over-excited by fever, and provoked by the unanswered question which so nearly concerned his family, had leaped out of window in despair, I could no more wonder at it than I can at the anguish and indignation which (with a less impetuous nature) I experienced, under similar conditions.

If, knowing little of physic, my pathological inductions are unsound, I am convinced, on the other hand, that this analysis of dreams, delirium, &c., is the key to a

true psychology: a word which the world may scout, but which stands, nevertheless, for a reality; a tangible reality for me, and one that has influenced action.

I think I had by nature an equal love for Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music. If in the pursuit of the last, I was discouraged by an imperfect voice, and the first seemed too high for my attainment; Painting and Sculpture, once (and why not now?) the co-mates of the artist, divided me equally between them. In them the question of superiority is foolishness; the true question being "where my own strength is greater?" It is the choice of the costus or the spear, not to be decided by experiment, since having engaged with the one, you shall scarcely find strength for the other. If, where we had most inclination, there also, we had most power, even then, I should still be in doubt; but so far from this being always the case, it is sometimes the converse of this. Many, it appears, have blundered on to the end, busy about the wrong thing. Many have, now and then, by accident, done that well which they despise and loathe. In which case they ought, no question, to have taken the hint, and pursued the calling they dislike. But here, where the balance fluctuates, and the weights are judged to be even, where is the probability of a rational decision? Now I know I am thinking and arguing in this way because, with a perfect neutrality of disposition towards the two arts, I have, before now, upon turning my eyes inward upon my own mind, fancied I have discovered a greater adaptiveness for Sculpture evinced in the unconscious impulses of sleep and delirium. And, though I say this only in my own ear, I verily think that these mental phenomena (could we only accurately observe them) would prove a more efficient counsellor in the choice of a profession than the sagest phrenologist that ever manipulated a cranium. The entire question rests, I see, upon the possibility of an accurate observation, since the fundamental tendencies of the mind must of necessity be most truly exposed when it is left to itself, and uninfluenced by external objects. Let me, therefore, endeavor to recall my driftings on that dead sea, whose bitter waters have not wholly benumbed the memory.

In a withdrawn region of life, dead to sense, and entertaining only those archetypal essences which tinge things corporeal with intelligibility: where the material substance is away, and the spiritual exponents (all that we know of things) stand out or vanish at the will of the conscious "identity," where the tree, or the brute, or the man, starts up in the mind's eye, or passes when the mind wills it, not held there by its "material brother;" and where the qualities, "good," "bad," "graceful," and "beautiful"—no longer qualities—have unique existence. In this remote region, bordering on death and night, I saw the ghosts of the world pass before me.

And I built up dun amphitheatres, where the Athletes of mind contended. Hate grappled with fear; fear and the phantom jealousy; and suspicion struck on all sides through a cloud. Vassal to the absolute Will, they came, and they went. But rebellion began; sounds of unseen feet in the intraluminous antres; clash, and wind of shields; murmuring of leaves; or the sea